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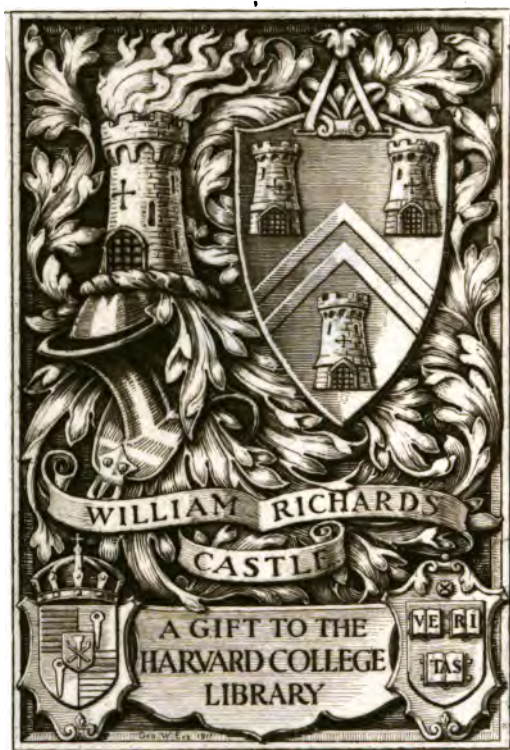
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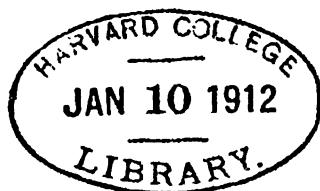
AN ISLAND GOD ♣ A TALE
OF THE FIRST KAMEHAMEHA
BY GURDON S. MUMFORD ♣ ♣ ♣

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CHAPTER I

FOR two hours the fierce southern sun had been climbing above the misty horizon, and now beat down with all its tropical power upon the waving palms and flashing reef and long white beach of a Pacific island.

Upon the greater part of this fair country, from the green, sharply outlined mountains in the north, down through precipitous valleys and over smiling, tree-grown levels to the sea, there was no sign of husbandry or of man. No winding smoke threads polluted the air; no

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irregular clearings offended the eye. Through all the upland country, there reigned the silence of primeval time. But down on the edge of a long curving beach, near where a great spur of the mountains jutted into the sea, was a little group of grass-thatched huts, half hidden in a grove of palms.

Overhead the huge tufted tops of these strange flower-like trees moved slowly to and fro, and beneath, the strong, soft trade wind swept unheeded between broken, irregular rows of deserted houses, and rustled fitfully under their grassy eaves. The same weird silence and sense of desolation that prevailed on the rest of the island was also here. The dark, hole-like openings in the huts disclosed no sign of life. No shadow of man broke the monotony of the white

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sand's glare; no native moved in the shade of the trees. And yet, it was plainly evident that human beings had recently been there. Ashes not yet cold lay scattered between the low walls of rude cooking fireplaces, and, here and there, a ponderous club or forgotten ornament betrayed the presence of an uncivilized people.

A little removed from the main part of this village, and somewhat larger than the rest, stood a hut whose entrance fronted on the sea. For an hour, the inquisitive tropical sun had been slowly mounting over the top of a sheltering palm, and now a thin ray of light stole, like a pioneer, into the dark door of the hut.

Across the matted floor it travelled over to where a frail screen of leaves partitioned off the room ;

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and there, behind this insect barrier, a man lay sleeping. His face, half inverted, rested on his arm, and, in the dim light, the deep wrinkles and clear lines of his sharp, Spanish profile were soft and vague, as in a painting mellowed by age. But black rims were under the eyes, and the white, sallow skin told a tale of fatigue, exposure, and sickness.

Slowly the sun invaded the room, lighting up, bit by bit, the black, high-collared, close-fitting garment of the sleeper, and sparkling bravely on the beaded chain that fell from the neck across his breast, bearing that well-known symbol of the Catholic Church—the Cross and the Crucified Christ.

But the slumberer did not awake. He was dreaming of other days; of his old, beautiful home in Seville;

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of the long past, sunny years before he left his friends and country to battle for Christ in far-off savage lands. And, like time, his dreams moved onward, bringing to life the joys and sorrows of the past. Again he saw that moonlit, Spanish garden where in hate and jealousy he had bidden his love good-bye. Again he was at the Jesuit altar, swearing to serve God and his general, and to renounce all earthly things. Then came the long journey across the Atlantic, his body sick to death with the pitching of the little caravel, and his soul filled with black despair.

At last he was in Mexico. There, in that strange, newly-conquered country, with its proud, grief-stricken people, even then fast disappearing from the earth, his mind had broadened. He found that there were other sorrows than his. Day after

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day, he had fasted and prayed after the fashion of his order, and, nerved by the example of such men as Father Serra Junipero, he had cheerfully followed the great missionary's expedition across the baking, thorny deserts of Mexico to a far-off coast where vessels were ready to carry them to a strange wilderness called California. The whole scene was before him ; — the sandy sun-baked coast, shading off into low hills covered with sage brush, and the two high-pooped vessels at anchor in the shallow bay.

Once more he was setting out on a seaward journey ; this time for an unknown destination, and one by one, the figures of the little company of colonists passed before him. There was Father Serra, the leader, with bare feet, torn and raw from cactus thorns, and his thin face lit

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up with the fierce passion of religious zeal ; there too were his brother monks, pale, quiet men, gentle, yet stern, a few hopeful, the rest cast down, but all obedient to the commands of their superior and filled with the thought of founding a great church empire. Others followed ; the soldier with rusty breastplate and musketoon, the sailor with his dirk.

And then began again that long, dangerous voyage up the coast, ended at last in a quiet, land-locked harbor, which they called San Diego. Here Father Serra stopped, but he and three other monks sailed north to explore further. Then followed the great storm which had driven their little galleon, mastless and leaking, out into the Pacific. Ten days and nights had they scudded before the gale, working always at the

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pumps, only at last to spring another leak and foundering.

Wearied, sick of life, he felt almost glad when he found himself in the sea. But nature was still strong, and, seeing a large mass of spars and wreckage, he contrived to reach and climb upon it. And now, as the sleeping man writhed about in an imaginary struggle for existence, the course of the dream changed from the true current of the real happening, and he believed himself to be drowning. But the emotion was too great to be borne, and his limbs stiffened slightly, and his eyes opened.

For a moment he looked around in a dazed way, and then he remembered. The drifting raft, the two long days when he lay upon it, starving and eaten up with thirst; then the sight of land and the fa-

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voring current, and, at last, the great line of breakers which had swept him, faint and half unconscious, into the calm water near shore, where hundreds of dark-skinned natives were bathing.

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CHAPTER II

SLOWLY the Priest rose from the floor, and, going to the door, seated himself beside a wood platter on which were roots, bananas, and tropical fruits. As he ate, his thoughts were busy. In vain he tried to fathom the character of this curious people; no light broke the gloom of his troubled mind. Little as he had seen, their habits were weird and ungodly, and, involuntarily, he crossed himself.

Faint and half dead, he had come among them, — washed up from out of the sea, — and they had received and cared for him, giving him a house and food. But their hospitality and care had the look and feel of a thing uncanny. For five days he had

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lain sick, and resting upon his bed in the hut, but no one spoke to him, no one approached him, save only a lithe, black-haired girl who brought his food.

Every morning early the natives would disappear, and, for three hours, the village remained deserted ; then they would return as silently as they went, and he would see them bathing in the surf. And now, as he looked out towards the sea, he saw that they were coming back. Soon the ocean was full of life. Out by the white line of the reef, where the great breakers came curling in, long, narrow canoes shot to and fro ; further in, black-haired heads bobbed up and down in the water, and, from time to time, the tall, naked form of some daring surf rider would appear poised between breaker and sky, as he shot

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towards shore, balancing his board on a wall of foam.

As the Priest sat musing and gazing on the scene before him, a shadow suddenly appeared across his own. Turning around, he saw the native girl who brought his food. Motionless, she stood, staring at him intently with an expression which was a strange mixture of fear, worship, and an intangible something which he could not divine. As he looked at her, she quickly averted her head, gazing fixedly upon the ground. Kindly and quietly, the Priest spoke to her, first in Spanish, then in Aztec, and finally in a curious smattering of French, Portuguese, and Indian dialects which he had picked up from an old Franciscan friar who had accompanied him on part of the journey through Mexico.

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But the girl made no sign of understanding, only stood there, stolid, silent, and as unresponsive as a statue. With a sigh, the Priest turned away. What could he do to gain a footing with these incomprehensible people? If they would but talk, he knew that he would soon understand them; for he had a remarkable gift for languages, and had often succeeded, where others failed, in carrying on speech with men of unknown tongues, to the great wonder of his brother monks.

But she must have some object — some reason for her presence, and he faced swiftly about. She was again gazing at him with the same absorbed interest as before, and he thought he could catch a meaning of awe, pity, and of a great kindness in the changing shadow of her eyes.

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For a second she stood thus, then, with a frightened look over her shoulder, she caught up the half-empty platter and ran from the door.

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CHAPTER III

FOR many days the life of the Priest ran on in a calm but yet eventful way. Of present harm or future ill, there seemed little ground for fear. His hut was free from intruders ; there was no hinderance to his freedom. Often he would take journeys about the island, and, wherever he went, no one attempted to bar his way.

But, for all that, he was a prisoner. He knew, or rather he could feel, that some one was always watching him ; a system of secret espionage forever hemmed him in. Once, after a long tramp to the top of a mountain, he had decided to sleep for the night where he was. Lighting a fire, he drew up some boughs

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for fuel and a bed. But, even as he knelt to repeat the creed, a huge, glistening native strode into the circle of light and forced him sternly, with his spear, home to the village on the shore.

But if, on the one side, he could never get away from this mysterious people, on the other, he could never get to them. Like a hazy mist, they disappeared whenever he came near. If he entered a house, they would go out by another way, or cower in a corner until he had gone. Often he would come upon them, while at their games, of which they had many,—such as sliding down steep hills on sleds, or leaping from low cliffs into the sea ; but, before he had reached them, their noise and laughter would stop, and they would steal quietly and quickly away.

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But there were others who could not flee from him, and, if it had not been for these, the tight-strung nerves of the castaway must have yielded before the fierce siege of solitude and sickening despair, which, as the days went by, drew always closer and closer around his heart. Those of the natives who awaited his coming were of a class whom he had long ago learned to know in other lands. They were the sick and the dying, the old and the deformed. And with the instinct of his order, and the patience and skill of many years, he moved among them, speaking a language all could understand.

But where they were, and how to find them, he only discovered by an accident.

One morning while climbing to the top of a great cliff not far from

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the village, in the hope of seeing a sail, he caught sight of several old men and children, apparently guarded by two warriors with spears, who were making their way along one of the lower ridges toward the interior. All the natives that he had thus far seen were tall, strong, and comely, bodily, — a splendid race, — and it was with a great interest that he followed this straggling band, to learn their destination.

Up into the mountains they pushed, the old falling from time to time, only to be prodded and stabbed by their guards until they rose, bleeding from the wounds, and staggered on. At last they reached a sort of natural amphitheatre formed by some great volcanic convulsion, blocking up a mountain gully. Down its shaly sides the party

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went, and, when the Priest reached the crest and looked below, he saw with horror that the warriors were digging graves.

In a stupor the Priest watched them. At intervals, he heard the faint click of their broad-bladed spears in the gravelly soil, and, at last, he saw them lift up the little, deformed children, and those of the sick and aged who were too weak to resist, and force them, without a struggle, into the living tomb.

This, then, was the islanders' hospital! This was what became of the old! His stomach sickened within him; the blood rushed to his head; he stumbled, he fell; he gasped for air.

But in his veins ran the blood of a hundred fighting ancestors, — martyrs and soldiers for the Church and for Spain. The pallor slowly

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returned to his face. In his eyes there came the light of a great purpose,—an unshakable resolve; his lips hardened, his hands met upon the cross, and, in another moment, he had rushed down the slope, and, with bloody nails, was tearing the still damp earth from off the grave.

For a space, the horrified man dug into the ground, breathing quickly and hard as he labored with frantic haste, and in this short time were crowded the excitement and emotions of years. Quick as he had been, he was almost too late. Half of the unfortunates were dead. But the rest, two old men and a child, showed slight signs of life. On these he worked, stretching them upon the ground and rubbing them after the fashion used among sailors to revive the drowned. At last, exhausted with his efforts, he

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stopped and looked around. In his excitement, he had forgotten the guard. Now he could see them nowhere. Nothing but the crater-like crest of the hill, with its smiling background of sky and the waving, yellow-green clumps of Kakui, met his eye.

But it mattered little, his way was plain. Half carrying, half dragging them, he got the sufferers to a little spring, where, with ice-cold water, he soon brought the breath back to their bodies. Dazed and stupid, they looked about them, but made no sign of intelligence. And seeing that they would not stir, with a stifled remembrance of Seville, and a half unconscious prayer, the Priest started for the shore.

Two hours later he returned, bringing some food and a few herbs and leaves; the rescued natives were still where he had left them.

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CHAPTER IV

DAY after day, the Priest visited his little colony, which never wandered, but always waited for him in sullen, silent apathy. Only once was there an attempt to repeat the tragedy of the amphitheatre, and then, through the agency of a thing trivial and unforeseen, it ended in a way that was grimly humorous.

It had been a cloudy, showery day, and the Priest was slowly descending over the wet, short grass that covered the precipitous slopes of the mountain. As he turned the corner of a great buttress-like boulder, he had come suddenly upon a band of cripples on their way to the top. Filled with indignation,

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his deep-set eyes contracted and glistening like fire-lit coals, he advanced toward the guards. But they did not wait for him. The pallor of terror and of a mortal fear crept over their fierce, brown faces, and, stepping backward in their consternation, they slipped and tumbled, one over the other, to the bottom of the ravine.

Sternly the Priest smiled. If there was no road to their souls through kindness, there might be one through fear. And he led the deserted wretches up to their comrades on the mountain.

Thus his colony was increased, and, with unwearying watchfulness, he fed and looked after them, harvesting in return only a crop of silence and abject fear.

Some words, indeed, he learned of the language; and at times he

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would act the spy, listening for hours to what they said. But their talk was scattered and drivelling, and its import stupid and unintelligible to any but themselves.

Two things, at least, became clear through all this watching. He was known to them by the name of Kani, and, further, they spoke of him as of a temporary thing, — some one they should see but a short time.

What they meant — whether they merely believed him to be a god who would soon vanish, or whether, indeed, his life was doomed to be offered up at last, as the crowning climax of some ghastly, heathen rite — he could not tell. The whole thing — this dark, well-formed people who lived nowhere and everywhere, their irregular habits, eating and sleeping by night, and

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by day, their strange disappearances, and, above all, that iron, rigid law of silence and fear which they obeyed without a murmur — was a mystery, weird and unfathomable.

But he did not entirely despair. At times, great hopes would be born in his brain. Visions of a great triumph would pass before him, — his own influence slowly and surely winning its way, a new people cleansed and regenerated by the Church, a smiling country dotted with tilled fields and low white churches with softly tolling bells, a harbor filled with ships, and, over all, the cross of God and the flag of Spain.

And he would sit wrapped in a profound ecstasy.

But more often came the times when he would not know where to turn. His heart, his soul, almost

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his religion failed him. And then he would look forward, with a dumb, hungry craving for companionship, to the time when the native girl would bring his food. For every morning, noon, and night she still laid fruit outside the door, as if following some fixed custom.

Tall, supple, and well formed, she was a splendid type of the island race; but it was her face that marked her out from the others. For she was beautiful, but not as savages are beautiful. There was a fineness of line and a certain faint glimmering of soul in her eyes that the Priest never saw among her people.

And, in the Priest's darker moments, his heart found relief in pitying her. He longed to teach her the great truths, and baptize her into his religion. But, since the day

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when he rose from his sickness, she never waited on her errand even a minute, and, wherever he went, she carefully avoided him; though, at times, he fancied her fear of him was gone. Often he found flowers beside the fruit, and he tried to thank her, but she ran away before he could speak.

Once, indeed, it was raining, and, stretched on a mat in the back of the hut, the Priest watched her as she stepped inside with his noon-time meal. Suddenly he said, in the island language, —

“Your name?”

“Aloha,” she answered, involuntarily, and her eyes lifted to his.

But he was looking beyond her. His gaze was fixed on the door.

There, outlined against the gloomy sea, and the white line of the reef, was the peeping head and shoulders

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of a man. A black cloth rose from a body and swathed the face from forehead to chin, and on the fierce, bold features that peered from out of this sombre hood was the stamp of fear and of superstition, and of cruel and malignant hate.

For a moment it remained, and then it was gone.

The Priest looked at the girl.

But Aloha, also, had seen it. Pale and shaking like a twig in the breeze, she stole away. Thereafter, she came upon her duties so silently that he did not see her for days.

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CHAPTER V

LATE into the night the Priest sat thinking. His nerves were shaken by the strange occurrence of the noon ; and he felt that, if he could not find some reason for these mysteries, he might soon be insane. Weary, at last, with fruitless thought, he fell asleep ; and neither the morning, nor the next morning, nor the one after, brought any change into his life.

But the time when he should unravel all these knotty perplexities was not far off. Like nearly all important things, it came close on the heels of the unexpected.

One morning, perhaps a week later, the Priest was picking his way over dusty fireplaces and by occa-

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sional heaps of litter that filled up the spaces between the round grass houses of the village. This collection of huts, or native town, was the largest and the only one of size upon the island. And it ran in a groping, irregular way, branching out, wherever the land was shady, or where there were springs, from the sea up into a broad, deep valley that led to a chain of mountains which formed the backbone of the island.

About half the distance of the furthest inland hut from the sea was a great square-built grass house large enough to hold some fifty people. But, from all appearance, it was never used. At rare times the Priest had seen, by night, huge shadows of men about the door, who disappeared around the building's side, if any came near. But

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the natives avoided it by day, and the Priest, in passing, kept it far off. The mere sight jarred upon his soul. It was, perhaps, another of their ghastly mysteries.

Now, however, as he passed along on his way to the mountains, with this strange, overgrown hut showing dimly among the trees, the Priest thought he heard a groan.

Again it came; this time without mistake. And the Priest pushed quickly and resolutely through the bushes toward the square, grass house whence the sound had come. Reaching the cleared space that surrounded the house, he saw what was the matter. An old man had evidently climbed to the top of a cocoanut-tree and had fallen, for he now lay moaning on the ground with the half-cracked cocoanuts around him and two jagged splinters

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of bone projecting just above the elbow.

At the end of some little time, the Priest had made a rough setting, for he was skilled in leeching and surgery, as were all his order. But the native had fainted. In a deathly stupor, he lay, his grizzled hair and bruised, gray face thickly covered with dirt.

The Priest looked around.

A deep stillness rested on the whole village. Not a sound nor motion stirred the air. The natives were away on their mysterious morning pilgrimage. Before him stood the great, grass hut, its black doorway sternly repellent, and the shadow of its long eaves extending far out towards him.

With a quick throb of the heart, the Priest advanced towards the door; he must have water.

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But even as his foot touched the long shadow from the roof, there came a sudden cry, a sound of running feet, and some one was clinging to him, holding firmly around his knees. He looked down. It was Aloha.

“Oh, do not go in the shadow of the King’s house! Oh, do not go in the shadow of the King’s house!” and she moaned and moaned, repeating it over and over again.

“But why, my child?” he asked her gently; and then all the anxiety, all the long brooding of his heart broke forth,—

“Why will they not speak to me, Aloha?”

And she leaned her face up to him; but all the terror, all the fear was gone.

“It is death to speak to one who is under the Taboo.”

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CHAPTER VI

MINUTES went by, and the shadow of the house drew slowly back from their feet. But they did not move. Like some statue group, they remained, Aloha still kneeling, the Priest deep in thought.

With a long breath, at last, the Priest drew gently away, and turned to the old native. The sufferer had come to his senses, and was struggling weakly to get up.

Alone, the Priest helped the old man to his hut, for Aloha had gone.

But the Priest was no longer despondent. A great light had risen out of the darkness, and now

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there was a beacon to guide his way.

Nor did he fail to use it; and many times, during the next few days, the Priest sought out Aloha and questioned her, as best he could, on all that he wanted to know. And she would wait for him, shyly and timidly and with head cast down, on the seashore and on the mountain and in out of the way places where no one might see them. But most often they met in the morning, when her people were away.

And the Priest learned many things. He learned that there were other islands not far off, and that there lived on them an even fiercer and more warlike people than those around him.

On the largest of these islands, as Aloha said, was a mighty King

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named Kamehameha, who had conquered and killed all his enemies; and of him her people had great fear, for it was in the air that he was even then coming with a great army to win their island, and, if this were so, it meant the death of every man, woman, and child.

But stranger than this, to the Priest, were Aloha's words a few days later. It was a stormy day and dark, and the air was heavy with rain. Sheltered beneath the thick, down-growing branches of a gnarled Hau-tree whose shadow dulled even the sharp lightning flashes, Aloha had told him of a great mountain of fire which she and her people had seen many years ago, rising up in flame and cloud over the distant edge of the ocean.

"There," Aloha went on, pointing between the leaves to the dim

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line of sea, "lives Puela, the mother of fire; and there, with her, live her sons, who never die, and who are white, even as you are."

And Aloha bent down and kissed the Priest's feet.

"But, my child," said the Priest, shrinking away from her, "I am no god, nor is there any such woman." And he tried to tell her the creed of the Catholic Church.

But of this she would hear nothing; his words were lost in air. She would sit, her knees doubled under her, listening, silent and attentive, to all he said. But her attention was that of a wooden block. About all the higher part of her nature — those mountains of the soul — there hung a thick cloud of ignorance, superstition, and fear.

But if Aloha would not give thought to his religion, neither

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would she tell him of hers. Her answers to the Priest's questions were never longer than yes or no; and, sometimes, she would not answer at all.

Who or what her people worshipped, and how, and where they went in the morning, were things about which Aloha would not speak.

"No, no, stay!" she would cry, when the Priest, vexed at her obstinacy, started to go; and Aloha would cling to the Priest's coat in an agony of dumb despair. Then again, her mood would change, and she would walk off haughtily, with her chin in the air.

But gradually the Priest learned, through long and patient effort, that there were men among the natives who practised secretly many weird rites and incantations, and who led the people in their worship.

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This body of heathen wizards or sorcerers had a lineage very old, and, under the King, was all powerful, for they claimed to tell the happenings of the future and to know the will of the unseen. From them and the King came the laws and customs that ruled the people; and, when the word went forth, there was no cavil nor repeal; like the iron hand of fate, it pressed relentlessly on all, and the natives bowed, trembling, before it.

Of his own destiny, whether life or death, and the mystery that surrounded it, the Priest could find out little. That he was helpless before the will of the native sorcerers was plain, and he knew that they were treating him in a manner fixed by some custom or tradition. But he felt also, although he could lay it to no reason, that the strange groove

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of life in which they had kept him would not long endure, and that, indeed, it was already approaching its end.

Often the Priest would question Aloha about that grim law which imprisoned the tongue, and which, in other ways, drew a straight line through the natives' lives, dividing what they might from what they might not do,—the old Jewish "Thou shalt not" come down through the ages and intensified a thousand times in this heathen formula "It is Taboo."

But Aloha's words were plainly evasive.

"It is only a custom," she would say. "Let not the White God be angry." And the Priest, unsatisfied, would return again and again to this subject, leading to it by different ways.

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"And what would happen," he said one day to Aloha, "if a man or woman should break this Taboo?"

"I have told thee," she said softly.

"Aye, death," said the Priest, bitterly, "it is the only punishment your people know; but in what manner and when?"

But Aloha made no sound. The Priest's eyes travelled slowly over the long reach of sea where he had been gazing, back up the white beach and grass-covered hill, and rested on Aloha. She was sitting doubled almost in a half-circle, her fingers clasped upon her shins, and her head bent over on her breast and hidden by her hair. .

A few minutes the Priest looked, and the hard lines of his care-marked face were soft and kind with compassion; then he stretched out his

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arm, until his hand rested on her shoulder.

"You have not answered, my child."

"*They* come in the night," Aloha said, at last.

"Who?"

"The Kahuna."

"And is the Taboo-breaker always killed?"

"Yes."

"But no harm has befallen you," said the Priest; "and surely you were heard to speak — hast forgotten the face in the door?"

"I am a chief's daughter," and the girl looked up with a toss of her head that sent the long hair rippling across her shoulders.

"Then do you go free —"

"No," she broke in petulantly.

"It is Taboo to me—to all."

"Then why," began the Priest,

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but he did not finish; Aloha was sulkily tearing grass-roots out of the ground.

A heavy quiet settled upon them, intensified at times by a lazy chirp or the breaker's distant hum.

"Aloha," the Priest said suddenly and sternly, "who was the man at the door?"

But Aloha would not hear.

Again the words came clear and slow.

"Who was he that looked in at the door?"

"Ae!" she answered mockingly, "as thou art a god, thou shouldst know all things."

And then her face paled, and, frightened at her temerity, she ran quickly down the hill.

An Island God

CHAPTER VII

A LITTLE more than ten miles from the native village, and extending in the direction of the greatest length of land, ran a great wall of mountains which roughly divided the island in half.

For more than forty miles, this bristling ridge of sharp-pointed peaks cut a jagged line across the clear, blue sky and then descended, with many a defiant spire and sweep and upreared crest, down into the waiting, outstretched arms of the ocean. On the north side of the island, this great barrier fell in one sheer mass of cliff, for some 2,000 feet, varying in places like the pales of a stockade, to the plain below;

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but to the south, the land sloped more gradually down, running to the shore in deep valleys and high, knife-like ridges, that sometimes cut far out into the sea.

Not far from the native town stood one of these mountain ridges. Steep, bare, and brown, it rose from the water, walling in the view for many miles inland, and forming the eastern end of a long curving bay. Half-way around the seaward side of this shaly cliff, and, perhaps, a hundred feet up, is a small rock projection which looks out on a great stretch of sea.

And here the Priest came every day. For an hour, he would remain, praying, and watching the horizon for a sail.

But this morning, when he reached the small rock platform, the Priest neither stopped nor

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looked seaward. Aloha's words of scarce an hour ago still sounded in his ears. Grieved and sad, more than he cared to think, he had followed her down the mountain and betaken himself to his watch-post on the cliff.

But his mind would not settle to prayer or meditation. A kind of stupor held his soul ; dulled by the long wear of solitude and baffled hope, the bright light of his faith refused to shine within him, and his mind wandered to and fro in a black mire of fruitless and despairing thought.

The old, half-answered questions were again upon him, only now there were new mysteries. This strange girl — what reason was there for her behavior? She saved him, but she would not answer him ; she mocked him, and yet she was afraid of him.

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And, mechanically, the Priest stumbled on.

But, suddenly, as he scraped along against the rough, pebbly side of the cliff, his foot slipped, and instantly he was sliding rapidly in the centre of a little river of falling gravel toward an edge of the cliff which here went straight down, two hundred feet, to the sea. With a great effort, the Priest struggled loose from the slipping soil, and, digging his hands and toes into the treacherous dirt, gained a slight but stable foothold not far above the rock platform.

But he could no longer go back nor even downward. The rushing gravel had swept all traces of path or foothold away. On all sides, a loose, precipitous plain of shale sloped straight to the foaming reef below, and only the little clump of

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half-withered brush where the Priest stood, broke the smooth roof-like level of yellow sand. But just above the Priest's head, and to the left, an almost imperceptible outcrop of rock ran upward and outward around the seaward face of the cliff.

Slowly and with infinite care, the Priest drew himself up on this little shelf of rock. Whether it led to the other side of the ridge and to a safe descent, the Priest could not see. But it was his only road, whether to life or to death, and, patiently, he crawled on.

Stones broke loose and rolled to the bottom; the rock crumbled under him. At times, lying like a lizard, his body pressed flat to the slippery stone, he thought his last breath was come.

But he did not flinch. All de-

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pression, all despair had left him. Once more the brave light of his faith burned triumphant within him ; and, nerved by the stern challenge of real danger, with calm eye and steady hand, the Priest pressed forward.

And now, as the Priest crept out against the great wall of cliff that breasted the ocean, the ledge broadened.

Little by little, it became more regular, flat, and firm. Soon this narrow, precarious shelf had turned into a good, wide path which led to the other side of the ridge, where it ran, a thin, brown streak, winding down through many green plateaux to the shore.

Never before had the Priest come upon the little valley that opened out before him. Deep and inaccessible it lay, walled in by

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steep, grass-patched ridges. But now, as the Priest passed rapidly along, he thought he saw, far down near the beach, a great gathering of people. Larger and larger, the black specks grew, and soon he could see plainly numberless empty canoes inside the reef.

The Priest's heart gave a mighty throb; for a second, the blood stopped, and then swept like a tide through the arteries. Quickly, he looked to the sun. It was half-way above the horizon. There will be one mystery the less, the Priest thought grimly, and he hastened on.

Now he was come almost to the bottom. For the last half mile, his way had lain in a bush-grown gully; but suddenly the path made a sharp turn, and, pushing through the brush, the Priest

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stepped out on the top of a huge hillside boulder.

And there, at his feet, was a strange scene.

From the base of the rock to the edge of the water, the land sloped gradually down ; and, covering this space, like an incoming tide, was a great sea of kneeling men and women. From right to left, countless rows of natives stretched, in always lengthening half-circles, towards the beach, and, in all this vast assembly, no head was raised above the ground.

Wonder-struck, the Priest stood. But no sound, no motion drew his eye. Above, in the trees, the wind was purring softly, and, below, the sun gleamed dully on a plain of bending, oily backs.

Suddenly a voice broke the stillness. In a high, quavering mono-

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tone, it rose, keeping time to some strange rhythm. And the Priest saw a low heap of rock hardly thirty feet away, from whence the voice seemed to come.

In a high, twanging cadence the chant kept on.

Minutes passed.

The great mass of humanity was slowly swaying back and forth.

Faster and faster, the voice came. Quicker and quicker, bent the bodies.

The chant stopped.

With one long, even movement, the vast sea of grovelling natives rose up; for a moment, their faces showed in the sun, and then, with a dull jar, that shook the trees, they fell to the ground.

Once, twice, this great wave rose and fell. But the third time, it stopped, as if transfixed, and re-

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mained erect — line on line of wild, excited faces staring at the boulder.

There, his hands clinched and his head thrust forward, stood the Priest.

A low, hoarse sound travelled down the foremost row of natives. Louder and louder, it grew, spreading from the front, back, and, in a minute, all fear of the "Taboo" was lost in the terror of the unknown.

"The White God!" "The Raiser of the Dead!" "E Moe O!" "Beware!" "Beware!" they cried.

And, in a frenzy of fear and superstition, the terrified mob struggled and fought madly with one another, in their haste to reach the shore.

But the Priest hardly saw them. All his Spanish intolerance, all the fierce fanaticism of his church was

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on fire within him. With set jaw and livid eye, the Priest sprang from the rock and rushed to the heap of stones. Fiercely he scattered the stones, and seized the carved log of Ohia wood which stood propped up among them. Down on the ground, the Priest smashed it, rolling its ghastly, obscene lines in the dust.

But, even as the Priest stood there, breathing quick and hard, a huge native rose up from behind him. Over the Priest's shoulder leaned a black, hairy face whose every feature worked with rage and hate.

The Priest turned slowly.

It was the man of the door.

"Devil," the native hissed, "I will kill thee."

A narrow streak of light shone between the clinched fingers, as the man's arm leaped forward.

Down the Priest's side, trickled a

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thin stream of blood, reddening the clothes.

"He is no god!" *"He bleeds!"*
"He bleeds!" shrieked the huge native.

"Seize him!" *"Bind him!"*
"Away with him!" he cried again, and the shrill, nasal voice cut far down the glade, over the heads of the fleeing crowd and out to the sea beyond.

But no man heeded. The mad rush stayed not one instant.

A wild fury seized the native; his limbs trembled, froth gathered upon his lips.

But before he could move, the Priest stepped forward. Like chiselled marble was his calm, bloodless face. But the eyes of the Jesuit were terrible to see; a mighty power, a faith divine, the soul itself, was there.

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Face to face, one moment, they stood, then, like a helpless child, the tall, raging islander gave slowly back.

But, as the Priest passed, the native's tongue at last found words.

"Ae, wait!" he cried in baffled rage, "wait, thou dog! Wait till the first night of the full moon! I will tear thee to pieces on the sacred stone, thou lover of women, thou defiler of altars!"

But the Priest neither answered nor looked behind. Quickly he walked to the shore and entered a deserted canoe.

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Night had come. A black void shrouded the palms, and great clouds blotted out the stars. In deep, overhanging shadow crouched the mountains, waiting, waiting, ever waiting.

No leaf moved. The wind was

An Island God

dead. And ever and anon, through the still air, rolled the low, muttering boom of the great reef.

Blacker and blacker grew the heavens. Silent and uneasy was the air.

Something moved ; there rose a gurgling sound, a groan.

A *horror* unspeakable was prowling afoot !

Through the dim morning light, tall, gaunt forms crept noiselessly away. And when the sun rose, of all the dark-skinned men and women who that noon had seen the white Priest roll the hideous, grinning idol in the dust, not one remained alive.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE bright light that came through the door of the Priest's hut suddenly ceased. A black outline appeared in a round hole-like opening, and a woman entered. It was Aloha.

For two days the Priest had lain sick and delirious on his mat in the hut. Borne up by the strange force that the wild scene of idol worship had awakened within him, he had paddled swiftly and recklessly around the point and across the white, tumbling line of reef to the shore.

But in the very doorway of his hut, a broad stream of blood had burst like a millrace from his side, and, without a word or groan, the

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Priest had fallen senseless to the ground.

Rigid and lifeless, Aloha had found him, his spare form stretched in a pool of half-dried blood. For hours, she had labored over him, cleansing his white, cold skin of the dirt and bloody grime, and binding up the long, ragged cut in his side. And her face was drawn and gray, and she worked with an energy born of despair.

At last the Priest had stirred, turning slightly to one side. Then followed a day and a night of delirium, when the Priest had raved and flung himself about, and Aloha with chattering teeth had brought him water.

But on the dawn of a second day the mad whirl of words had ceased to pour from his tongue, and the Priest slept quietly.

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And now, as Aloha entered the hut, the dim, recumbent figure on the mat moved slightly, and a weak but steady voice came to her ear.

"Where am I, Aloha, and what has happened?"

"I do not know," she said simply.

The Priest tossed restlessly. He was groping blindly in a hazy past. Little by little, the mist cleared away, and he remembered.

"And you have taken care of me," the Priest said softly.

With a great sob, Aloha sank on her knees beside him.

"Will the White God forgive me? Will he die?"

"I cannot forgive, where there is no wrong; and I am only weak flesh and blood, like you, my child." The Priest's face shone for an instant with a rare and kindly smile;

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but his strength was gone, and his head fell back on the mat.

But not for long could weakness overpower him. With a vigor superhuman, he fought the feebleness of his body, and when Aloha came the next morning, the Priest was seated in the corner, his elbows braced against the wall.

"Oh, thy wound!" she cried.

"It is nothing, but give this to your friend of the black cloth. He has left it with me," and the Priest held up a small dagger whose white bone blade was marked with dirt and blood.

The face of the girl contorted in a sudden fury. All her beauty, all the softness of the minute before were lost in the wild rush of passion. Her features were puckered and ugly.

"I hate him!"

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"Hate not," said the Priest, sternly. Then he raised his arm, and his voice was calm and gentle.

"Sit there, my child, and answer me."

And still shaking with anger, Aloha obeyed.

"Now tell me what your people would do with me, when it comes the time of the full moon?"

"Nothing, nothing," Aloha moaned.

"Nay, child," said the Priest, "speak truly."

"They would kill me," the Priest went on. "But I fear them not. The Lord has work for me to do."

Aloha had risen.

"He would have them kill you," she cried, her face pale. "But he dare not touch you. No, not for all his prayers and sorcery. It is Taboo."

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And in a vague and troubled way Aloha told the Priest of the doubts of her people. They knew not if the Priest were god or devil, and whether his coming would bring them good or harm. Even the sacred men, the sorcerers, who told the thoughts of the gods, were silent and gave the people no sign.

And all the while the fear of Kamehameha hung, like a shadow, over the land.

But there was one, as the Priest knew, who worked his destruction; and this one, even now, strove to call together the secret counsel of the Kahuna, whose will is the will of the fire and the water and the earth and the sky.

"And is my enemy then so powerful?" said the Priest.

"Ae!" cried Aloha, bitterly, "his hand is heavy and stained with blood.

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A quick spasm passed on the Priest's face.

"Have care, my child, have care that I bring you not into trouble."

"He would not harm me," said Aloha. "He — he —" but the words choked in her throat.

And, always, Aloha would tell the Priest to fear no harm. "The King is gone," she would say. "He is far off; and, until he comes, not even they may touch thee."

Days went by, and the Priest grew stronger. But the wound healed little, remaining raw and angry, and the color came not back to his face.

Long hours the Priest spent in the doorway, gazing at the sea; and often his sunken eyes would brighten with a fierce, feverish glow of determination, and he would rise and stagger feebly around the hut.

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And, in these moods, he felt neither pain nor weakness. A great wave of strength would rise and surge within him, and the mind had but to command and the body obeyed.

Sometimes the Priest lay on the mat, too weak to speak. Then Aloha would sit and watch in the shadow of the door, silent and waiting for his smallest words.

And slowly the thin, white crescent which shone with pale splendor in the evening sky grew large and round.

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CHAPTER IX

LIKE a great celestial lamp, the round, swollen moon hung over the island, and reef and cliff and huts and trees glistened like silver in its white, tropical glare.

During the whole day, an unbroken quiet had prevailed throughout the island. No sound had come from bird or beast, and the natives had not stirred from their houses.

But when the long afternoon had melted into twilight, and the grim twilight, all lurid and red, like a forest fire, had sunk behind the mountains, there came a change. A wave of life stirred the air. Black huts poured forth little streams of black, silent people, and vague, crouching forms stole rapidly be-

An Island God

tween the palms. Inch by inch, the great, gleaming disk rose from out of the trees, and at last its bright, searching light shone uninterruptedly down on the roofs of the long, straggling native village which ran like a silver thread to the sea. Through all its winding length, this moonlit, primitive street was deserted ; but on every side, in and out among the trees, there rose the low buzzing murmur of a waiting multitude.

And now, just as the moon reached the centre of its circle across the heavens, there came from out of the black doorway of the King's great, grass house, a long train of men. Tall and gaunt, they were, naked to the loins, and on each native's head and shoulders was a short cloth hood which partly hid the face.

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Swiftly and sinuously, like a snake, this dark, rippling line of men twisted in and out among the huts. And wherever it went, the hum of whispering voices ceased, and no sound arose until the sombre procession had passed.

Through the village, these swift, stealthy natives passed, and their way was towards the sea. Again through the village they came, but their faces were towards the mountain, and in their centre strode the Jesuit monk.

A short distance inland from the village there rose from the centre of the valley, like a boulder in a stream, a huge, circular hill. High in the air it towered its steep, rampart-like crest, frowning grim and dark against the white curtain of cloud and moonlit sky.

Up its bare, rocky sides, over

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great blocks of pumice and volcanic stone, went the band of natives. And calmly, silently, with no slackening nor pause, the Priest followed. But from his face dropped the sweat of bitter toil, and his bandaged side was wet with blood.

But through all this weird, phantasmagoric happening, the Priest gave slight heed to the things around him. In a deep abstraction, he moved, seeing little. Even now, as he drew nearer, step by step, to the doom which his enemy had foretold, he did not think of his fate. A great emotion worked upon him; a great struggle swayed his heart. And, always, a woman's form was before his eye, and a woman's voice was in his ear.

Higher and higher climbed the shadowy band, and slowly the island opened out in dim, vague

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outline beneath them. Now the foremost native had reached the crest of the hill. For a minute he paused, his tall, naked figure silhouetted against the sky, then, with a hoarse, low cry, he fell to his knees, bowed his head to the ground, and, rising, passed rapidly on.

One by one, in this manner, the leading natives prostrated themselves; and when the Priest reached the brow of the hill, he saw before him a small level space where were many men. In the short, thin grass they sat, their knees doubled under them, and on every side their lines extended covering the top of the hill. But in the centre of the plateau, the land sloped gently upward in a small mound, and was vacant; and here, high above all, stood a great stone. Rudely

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carved, it was, and hollowed and fashioned in the form of a chair; and in this giant seat sat a tall native, cowed and wrapped in a long black robe.

Swiftly the Priest's guards passed through the silent, motionless assembly to the mound. At the base of the rock they halted; the dark figure above made a sign, and they filed off to one side, leaving the Priest gazing upward at the same fierce eyes and scowling, distorted face that he had seen so closely once before.

The silence was unbroken. No native moved. Rapidly the moon was sinking below the hill, and upon all this scene of muffled, waiting men, the blackness of night had fallen. Only the high, throne-like rock still showed clear in the dying light, and against its white

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side, in sharp relief, was the erect, spare form of the Priest, motionless as marble, as he looked upward to the grim, crouching figure above.

Then, at last, when the darkness had hidden the Priest and had crept up to his very feet, the huge islander arose.

In vast menacing shadow, he loomed above the rock.

"Chiefs, Sooth-tellers, all ye wise men of Ohau," he cried, "ye are met to judge upon this evil devil who hath come to our shore. From afar he hath come, for he is hated of all the gods, who have driven him across the sea. He hath defiled our altars. He hath cursed our land. Among our people he hath gone, and they have become possessed with a devil and broken the law, and they have died. Is it then your will, O ye wise men, beloved

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of Kani and Kora and Pele and Zo,
that this wicked one shall die ? ”

A deep, hoarse cry broke from a hundred throats. To their feet sprang the long, dark lines. But the eager, staring eyes that peered from out of fierce, cowed faces rested neither on the wild, gesticulating native on the top of the rock nor on the silent, waiting figure below.

Out on the black line of sea there gleamed a light. It came ; it went. Suddenly there leaped up in the far-distant darkness a great pillar of fire.

For a space it remained, and then it was gone.

And now there came, faintly sounding from the land below, a strange moaning noise. Louder and clearer it swelled through the still night air. A weird, aching cry, it was, — a wail of fear and of grief. It

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was as if a whole people groaned aloud.

And silent stood the mighty Kahuna, turned to stone by wonder and fear.

Suddenly there appeared from behind the brow of the hill a naked, dirt-stained native. Straight towards the high rock he ran, and, as he came, he waved his arms and cried, "Oh, woe! Oh, woe! The King is dead!"

A fierce storm of cries filled the air, but, high above the din, rose the piercing voice of the runner.

"Listen, listen, O ye wise men, listen, listen, ye rulers of Ohau. Oh, woe to ye, oh, woe to the land! Kamehameha and the gods of fire hath slain our King. With fire they have devoured him and all his army. And now Kamehameha's canoes cover the sea. He comes! He

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comes! And Kalanikupule is dead!"

"You lie, you dog, you lie!" a deep voice bellowed from the crest of the hill; and, swifter than the words, a spear cleft its way through the air. The runner fell dead.

In a minute there stood by the stone a short, broad figure. His naked body was covered with dirt, and hair, still wet, straggled down over the black, puffy face. But the straight, proud carriage was that of command, and the little beady eyes glared with the fierce light of anger and pitiless wrath.

Instantly the wild outcry ceased. Black robes bent low to the ground. It was the King.

"And who is this?" Kalanikupule cried, pointing upwards to the seat cut in the stone. "Who is he that dare sit in the great counsel seat?"

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And so he would give ye the law,
and have ye told that I am dead.
Let him be taken on the morrow,
with this other captive, to the Pali;
and see ye that there be many
another to go with them, for the
gods are angry and their hands are
lifted to smite us."

Thus spoke the King, and once
more a long file of men picked its
stealthy way down the hillside.

An Island God

CHAPTER X

IN vague and misty shadow stretched the curving line of shore. Calmly, noiselessly, the sullen ocean surged, — a vast glassy plain, — and far out the white line of reef showed like a cloud in the dim gray of the morning.

Dark was the eastern sky; no light had come; and back and forth, like phantoms of the night, tall, armed natives strode in ceaseless prowl around a hut. In the low, black doorway, the Priest sat: his head rested against his hand, his elbow on the knee; and, without motion nor flicker of eyelid, the sleepless eyes stared seaward into the gloom.

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Slowly, the minutes went by ; but he did not stir. A faint gleam, as of fog, appeared in the air. Day-light was creeping on.

And now a low, spasmodic sound came filtering up through the moist, heavy air in the hut, — a soft tick, a crackling grass ; it might have been the wind.

Quicker and louder the sound came. Suddenly it stopped. A small hair-covered head pushed through a hole in the grass wall of the hut. Slowly, and with unceasing care, a lithe body wriggled noiselessly inward. A slim figure crept across the floor. A low hiss rose to the Priest's ear, and a soft hand touched his foot. The Priest turned.

“ *Aloha !* ”

“ Sh,” she breathed.

“ My child, my child,” the Priest

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gasped, and he groped with his hands until they touched her head.

"I have come for thee," she whispered, her face pressed close to his side.

The Priest's breath came quick and hard.

"Ae, thou needst not die," she went on; "my father's tribe is strong in the land; and many are those who would help me, even here," and Aloha pointed through the door.

"But where would you go; what could you do?" The Priest's voice sounded strange and broken.

"To the Puuhonua. My people will help; and, once there, neither King nor sorcerer may touch us. But fear not," Aloha cried, her soft, rippling voice rising with the hope that leaped, buoyant, in her heart, "Kalanikupule will reign no more. Already hath the great Kamehameha

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defeated him in the island of Maui, and driven him home by night, like a cowering dog. And now Kamehameha comes and will slay him. But my people shall not war against the great King. With presents, they shall go to him ; and thou shalt lead them and prevail over the bitter wrath of the conqueror, so that they be not harmed."

"Then will your tribe rise against their King, and cast their lot with me, paying heed to my words, that I may help them both against themselves and against Kamehameha?"

"Ae, but thou must first swear to serve the gods,—not thy gods, but our gods ; and, also, thou must take a wife."

"And who would they have me take?" he cried bitterly.

But Aloha answered not. Slowly the dim light brightened, and the

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long shadows grew shorter and shorter.

Once, twice, her lips moved ; then, with a low cry, she leaned toward the silent, waiting figure, whose thin white hand trembled in the cold, morning air.

"Even me," she murmured.

A great shudder passed through the frail body.

"Aloha," said the Priest, while his head bowed forward over his breast, "I have sworn a great oath ; and," his head sank lower, "I may not marry."

"But," Aloha cried passionately, "I cannot help thee then, and they will torture thee, ae, even on the altar, side by side with the sacred hog and Kalanikupule's enemies, will they roast thee."

"Woman, I am in the hands of my God."

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"God or devil," she cried, mistaking his meaning, "I love thee."

But the Priest turned sadly and slowly from her, and his face was drawn and wrinkled like that of an old man.

With a cry of despair, Aloha flung her arms around the Priest's knees ; sobbing and kissing his feet, she clung to him. At last the Priest bent downward, and his lips touched her hair. The light of a great joy, the fire of a noble triumph, hardly fought and hardly won, glowed like a torch in his eyes. Tenderly he kissed her.

"Now you must leave me, my own one, for it is fitting, and I would be alone."

Calmly, steadily, Aloha rose to her feet. One last minute her eyes rested on him who sat before her. Then her face hardened, like a

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mould, and, staring straight before
her, Aloha passed through the door,
and out past the guards, heeding
them not, nor stopping.

And far in the east the dawn lay
bright on the rim of the ocean.

An Island God

CHAPTER XI

THE morning came, bright and clear. Beautiful and peaceful the island lay, its green, wet slopes and waving trees shimmering in the sun. And no sounds, nor smoke, nor unwonted activity disturbed the quiet scene.

But in the night many a swift and dusty runner had passed to and from the King's great grass house, and now, all over the land, grim, determined warriors waited for the word. And from every cliff, from every mountain, hundreds of watchers scanned the sea.

Steadily the sun rose into the heavens. Almost it had reached its zenith, when there arose from

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the watchers on the high cliff near the shore village a long, loud cry. Again it rose, but this time down on the shore. A minute later, a faint echo had come from the ridge beyond, and the wild refrain was caught up by a thousand voices. Up hill, over steep ridges, down through black, half-hidden valleys, across the mountains, across the plain, borne on the wind, now faintly sounding, now swelling to a roar, but never slacking, never ceasing, the great cry travelled. Kamehameha had come.

Out on the wide stretch of sparkling sea, far beyond the reef, black specks danced up and down on the water. Like myriad insects, they dotted the ocean. Nearer, nearer, they came, growing large. The foremost now had reached the reef. Narrow and deep it was, a boat

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filled with men ; and, as it rose on the mighty surge of the rollers, a long line of paddles flashed in the sun, and outlined against the reef were the black, swaying backs of warriors and the giant outrigger of a huge war canoe.

Swiftly to the shore they sped ; and hardly had the great boat reached the shallow water, when a native leaped out, spear in hand. Tall and broad he was, of enormous girth and frame. His head was great and massive ; a broad, white scar seamed the dark, intelligent face. And over the huge arms and shoulders, a red robe fell to the knees.

Behind him, quickly followed a short, stout man. Brown and freckled though his skin was, it had once been white, and the wide, toppling gait and the careless, though

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sharp glance of the blue, Caucasian eyes proclaimed the sailor.

With a quick, imperial sweep of his arm, Kamehameha turned upon his follower.

"The dogs are hiding," he cried, in a deep, growling voice that rolled and roared from out of the tremendous chest as if from a cavern.

"But I will find them, and see thee, Yun, as thou callest thyself, that thy great beast of fire be made ready, for, by the morrow, I shall feed his flaming throat with men."

"Aye, that he will," the sailor muttered, and he looked out over the endless perspective of canoes, and along the shore, which was already dark with landing warriors.

Then he turned and walked slowly across the beach to where a little group of sun-tanned mariners were vainly struggling to land a small

An Island God

but heavy cannon through the high, leaping surf.

All day long, the great army disembarked, and when the last soft gleam of golden and purple light had faded from the sky, thousands of camp-fires glowed like phosphorescent insects in the night. In the centre of this vast field of twinkling lights, a huge fire flared high in the black air, eclipsing in magnitude all its surrounding brethren, as the moon eclipses the stars.

Not far from the broad circle of light thrown out by this tall pillar of flame stood a low, but long grass house which the work of thousands of natives had built in the short space between sun up and sun down for the shelter of Kamehameha, the high chiefs, and the sorcerers, and the royal court.

Of vast extent was this war-time

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palace, broad as the length of many hundred spears, and stretching back into the darkness as far as eye could see. A high, wide door faced upon the fire, protected and screened from the rain and the sun by a massy, projecting thatch whereon, under the flickering rays, three polished skulls stared and grinned at one another in ghastly sympathy.

And here, looming large and awesome under this forbidding portal, their faces half in shadow, half in light, two men stood talking.

"Aye, she is still with him," said the short one, in a tongue whose rasping sound smote harshly upon the quiet night air.

"And a pretty place, it is, where every comely wench seeks out the big black pigs in the poke, and will not abide with honest men," was

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the low, hoarse rejoinder in the same language.

The short man swayed slightly, shuffling his feet, and laughed, — a low, dry chuckle.

“Aye, Thomas, she would have none of thee. But look’e here, mate,” after a pause; “a queer thing’s come down the wind. I was with his big *ribs*, yonder when the lass came in. Not so much as a look or a ‘howdy’ would she give me, but straight she goes to the King and spins a yarn. And a strange reckoning she made of it.”

“And what was that?”

“I could n’t make much out of it, long end nor short end, she talked that quick, like one of them gabbling birds. But there was somebody that them niggers here was to kill. And she talked about

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that he was a god, and made dead people alive. And she tells the King how they put our coming down to the god, and was to kill him on an altar in the middle of the battle, if their craft started to founder. And so she says how she'll show the King a way to catch all these black men here, like rats in a box, if he'd come with some warriors and save the god."

"He'll do it, d'y think?"

"Aye; he told me to be ready, and he sent me out while she spoke of the way."

"He'll keep ye out, Young, a long while yet, ye may make sure," the seaman growled.

But the other paid no heed.

"She said the thing had a white skin," he mumbled.

Suddenly he broke forth, "But

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look'e here, d'y see, if he was a white man, where'd he come from, and if he was a god, why could n't he save himself?"

And, mumbling and cogitating, Young walked out into the night.

Hardly had his stout, swaying figure disappeared in the darkness, than there came from within the door passage-way of the rude palace, where Thomas still stood sulkily musing, the low hum of subdued voices and the light patter of dancing feet. Back in the shadow the sailor shrank, and in a breath there passed before him a long train of hurrying native girls. Out into the circle of light they went, tripping and dancing. High in the firelight flashed their naked arms, as they swung and rapped their calabashes, and, at each deft-some tap, the round, unsightly,

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wooden bowl gave forth a hollow, murmuring sound.

And now there appeared on the edges of this bright space, where the firelight met and battled with the shadow, a wide and ever-deepening circle of fierce, excited faces. Broad, strong warriors they were, their oily, shining chests leaning against their planted spears, come, as was their privilege, to see the great battle-rite to Laka, — the dance of love and of death.

Under the gloomy portal stood the high chiefs, towering above the tallest, grim and battle-marked, their white teeth gleaming between parted lips. Over against them were the sorcerers, their long robes veiling their faces and falling to the ground; and at another point, isolated from all, a little group of whispering sailors stood, watching, part in wonder,

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part in scorn, while from time to time their deepest passions bubbled and growled, like wakening volcanoes within them. And here, gazing with the rest, were Young and Thomas.

Faster and faster the lithe, naked forms flew around the fire. Now up, now down, they grovelled, they wallowed in the earth. They danced, they contorted, and always faster they moved, their faces working in a frenzy.

Wilder and more furious the mad dance grew. Suddenly, while it raged, a slim figure passed quickly out through the palace door, between the staring, stone-like chiefs. Swiftly she sped away; but, even as she ran, the sharp, restless eye of a mariner had seen her. He sprang around with an oath. But he was too late. While yet Thomas

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gazed, she disappeared among the trees. And, heeding not the dance, swept, like a ship in a storm, with choler and spite, Thomas turned on Young.

“There she goes — off by herself. And, damme, you bottle-nosed, bloody imp, d’y make sure that ye look well after her to-morrow.”

The dance was growing slower. Smaller and smaller grew the rippling circles of women; shorter each sweeping movement; and, ever and anon, a tottering figure would sink to the ground.

Without stir, with hardly a movement, the watching circle melted into the night. And under the flickering, guarding rays of the fire lay fair, motionless forms, who would never rise again.

Brightly the fire burned, casting

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defiance up to the heavens. Hours passed. Low, under the black mantle of night, a great pile of embers gleamed fitfully.

The island slept.

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CHAPTER XII

THE night neared its end. Gradually the cloud of darkness lifted from the earth. Foot by foot, up through the trees, but holding still many a grim, hidden redoubt, the black legion retreated.

Through the dark gray light of the sombre monarch's last short hours, a small band of natives journeyed rapidly along the crest of a high mountain-ridge. Far below lay a valley shrouded in gloom, and walled up by an opposing ridge whose bare, treeless crest showed a thin, brown streak rising up through the sea of dense, gray air.

Swiftly the little band hurried, always guarding carefully two cap-

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tives in their centre. In robes of pure white cloth the prisoners were wrapped, and their hands were bound firmly to their sides. Straight in front their faces looked, as they strode over the ever-ascending path, and no word passed between them.

A faint light tinged the eastern sky. A gleam of silver showed far off on the dusky line of sea. Imperceptibly it faded, and darkness closed in once more.

Again a dim light touched the sky. Suddenly, like a flame, a fiery golden spire leapt out of the sea. Another came, and another, and yet more. The whole eastern sky flamed with light. The day had come.

On towards the interior went the natives, and the long ridges sloped downward into a radiant ocean. Now the darkness had lifted from

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the valley. An enormous ravine it was, wide but yet narrow, for the height of mountain which rose on each side in steep, sloping terraces, like roofs of houses. The land between was level and open in the centre where ran a thread-like stream. But at the sides of the valley, running to the very foot of the ridges, were gullies, and here there grew a rank and tangled growth of ferns and high grasses, with here and there a thick clump of low-growing Hautrees, whose intertwined and serried branches formed both the stronghold and the hiding-place of all who sought their shelter.

From the height above, the band of warriors and captives could see the valley, as it stretched in its long, straight length from the sea up into the great chain of mountains towards which they were journeying. Gayly

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the little stream twinkled in the first, stray beams of the rising sun, and everywhere luxuriant vegetation shone bright with dew.

But the grim warriors gave these things scant heed, though at times their sharp, searching eyes stared steadily at the banks of the stream. And there, like ants, a swarm of black specks moved busily to and fro. Up and down the water-side and around the thicket, they congregated, — here, closely gathered; there, few and scattered.

For minutes at a time one of the prisoners would gaze intently upon the scene below. At last, his thin, white face aglow with interest, he turned to the nearest guard, and for the first time spoke.

“What is that?” he said.

Then, as they passed around a boulder, the native whispered, —

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“Kalanikupule.”

And the Priest spoke no more.

Higher and higher the rocky trail led; but now the valley itself sloped sharply upward, until it lay but a few hundred feet below. To right and left stretched a great wall of mountains, their pointed crests and crags standing like a battlement against the sky. Into a broad, deep notch, between two flanking peaks, the valley ran, and, as the path twisted around a spur of the westernmost of these mighty sentinels, the Priest saw a wonderful sight.

Before him the high chain of mountains fell sheer down in one vast precipice, and, to his side, the smooth sandstone level of the notch fronted on a chasm of air where in the distance were broad plains, a serrated shore, and the blue, limit-

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less ocean. No pass was here; the valley led only to death.

Another turn of the trail, and they were out upon a narrow ledge running along the face of the precipice. A great sea of air was beneath them. For two thousand feet or more below, it breezed and blew, brushing by in little waves against their faces. Crumbling and more slender grew the path, now scarce two hand's-breadths wide.

Without warning, in a second, a terrible revulsion seized the Priest. The blood surged to his head, and strength, courage, will, ebbed swiftly away, like draining water. A horrible loathing of life, of his coming death, of everything, swept over him. He struggled; he prayed; sweat came from every pore. In vain he looked for succor, for relief. On one side rose the bare,

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giant wall; on the other, the landscape lay dim in the sickening distance.

A finger touched his shoulder.

Turning, he saw a white robe and the black, evil face of him who had been his judge, — condemner and condemned.

“A! see there!” the native hissed. “Thou shalt see me burn; but thou, too, shalt burn,” his voice fell lower, “and never shalt thou see her.”

The Priest looked.

There, on a broad rock platform which jutted out from an adjoining cliff, stood a square white building. Brightly it gleamed in the sun, like an ivory temple. But as the Priest looked, he saw that the walls of this fair, shining structure were made of the bones and skulls of men. This was to be his tomb. Involuntarily

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his figure stiffened; the light came back to his eyes. Once more he was a pioneer of the Church.

And he fell on his knees and thanked God.

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CHAPTER XIII

THERE was activity in the great camp by the shore. Since daybreak, thousands of warriors had been busy, sharpening spears and knife-edges and preparing for battle. For hours the high chiefs had been mustering and stationing their men, and at last, as the sun neared his midday post, the great army set out.

In long, uneven array they marched up the broad valley that led inland from the shore. In front, strode the great Kamehameha, his giant form towering high above all. Behind him, on his right and left, were his two trusted lieutenants, Kamanawa and Keaweheula. Then

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followed the company of seamen, dragging a cannon, and behind them sixteen thousand spears flashed and glittered in the sun, as the long river of men rose and fell in steady rhythmic stride.

On up the valley they noiselessly marched, until the mountain ridges drew in towards them, and only the occasional laugh and jest of the sailors broke the stillness of the air.

As the head of the glittering column entered the broad, ravine-like defile of valley, Kamehameha faced about. Up rose his spear. A swift ripple passed rapidly down the swaying ranks, and the army halted.

A few, short words from the King, and the long, steel serpent broke quickly into three sections.

Up over the western ridge, went

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one headed by Kamanawa ; for the eastern ridge, the second started, led by Keaweheula ; and the last and greatest of the three marched straight up the valley with the band of seamen and their cannon at the head. But as the grim, black warriors swarmed rapidly up the steep, western slope, a little detachment separated from their front and quickly left the main body behind. On over the path where the footprints of the Priest and his captives were still fresh in the earth, this advance guard hurried. They had hardly gone a mile, when a native girl rose from behind a boulder on the side of the trail. Straight to the huge, commanding figure that strode in front she ran, throwing herself on the ground beneath his feet. One short glance he gave her, and passed on, and she rose

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and followed, lost in the shadow of his mighty bulk.

A mile went by, and the valley had grown narrower. Beneath, stretching from ridge to ridge, long lines of black specks dotted the earth. In and around the thickets they twisted, now showing plain in the sunlight, now vanishing in the shadow ; and across the open space and on the banks of the stream, they were huddled in a great mass, so that they darkened the earth.

Down upon them, the party gazed, silent and absorbed. Then Kamehameha gave a great shout.

"Thou hast not lied, fair one, and even as the King hath said, so will the King do."

Kamehameha stepped towards Young, who with Thomas and another seaman stood gazing vacantly up and down the valley.

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“Gettest thou back to thy beast of fire, and drive thou these dogs up the valley after me,” he roared.

Again the King spoke, and two long-limbed natives sped swiftly back over the path. A minute Kamehameha watched them, then turned.

“Forward!” he cried; “I would save this god.”

Faster and more quietly than before they set forth. But scarcely had ten minutes passed, when the seaman stumbled noisily upon a stick. With a jerk he recovered, and catching hold of Thomas grumbled :

“To the devil with these wild chases! and I see not but y’r brain was full of bilge, that ye ever sweated to ship for such a cruise.”

“Aye, ye never did have eyes,” Thomas answered, and he edged still closer towards the King.

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Now, they had reached the broad notch in the mountain chain, where the valley ended.

From far behind, down the valley, there came a shrill, indistinct noise that rose and fell as the wind freshened or abated. As if turned to stone, Kamehameha halted in his stride, gazing backward at the dense thicket, with burning eyes. Fainter and fainter grew the noise swallowed up by the distance. Then suddenly, echoing and rolling from mountain to mountain, there came a strange and awesome sound. A deep, hollow note it was, low and terrible, as if from the very pit of death, and for a space the earth trembled. Grovelling on the ground with their faces in the dust, the common warriors lay. Only Kamehameha, Aloha, and the sailors stood.

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Once more the shrill noises came up the valley, growing louder and continuous. Soon there rose from the thickets in the distance a fierce hubbub, — shrieks, cries, groans, and the crash of flying men.

With a great start, Aloha grasped the King's arm. "Come! Come!" she gasped. Her throat was parched and dry.

Slowly, mechanically, Kamehameha followed her, and she led them out on the face of the precipice, along the narrow ledge. On, on, they went, the noise behind increasing in volume.

"There!" Aloha cried, pointing to a high white structure, set on a platform of rock, from whose top rose a large column of black, sooty smoke.

Quickly Kamehameha pressed forward, gaining in a few steps a

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deep crevice in the cliff, on whose broad, level floor, the white, gleaming temple looked obliquely down across forty feet of chasm.

The din in the valley was terrible. Shrieks of agony, fear, despair, victorious yells, the crunching of gravel, and ever and anon the deep, hollow boom of the cannon came to their ears.

"Young's driving them over the cliff," the sailor cried.

"Look! Look," yelled Thomas. A strong whiff of wind had caught up the dense pillar of smoke and carried it, eddying and circling off into the air.

There, beneath, a leaping flame of fire running up his side, was the motionless body and head of a man.

A second it showed, and then the smoke closed in again.

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"*By God!* He's white!" the sailor yelled.

But no one answered. On the roof of the temple appeared three warriors. Deliberately they raised their spears. Secure behind the coping, they looked at the intruders and then at the narrow pass.

"*Trapped!*" Kamehameha roared, and with a spring, he seized Aloha and sent her spinning out toward eternity.

Like a tiger, Thomas leapt forward; on the very edge, he seized her, and caught her up in strong, violent embrace to his breast.

A long piercing shriek broke from Aloha, and as if in answer, there came a rending and grinding of stone on stone. Out from the pillar of smoke a figure sprang, his body bruised and charred beyond recognition. Down before him,

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went the three warriors, like logs of wood, and with a mighty leap, he cleared the chasm.

For a moment, the Priest stood, naked and upright, upon the brink, motionless as the rock, his face working with terrible and impotent wrath.

"May the curse —" but the words stopped.

His breath came in gusts, quick and hard.

"Aloha," he gasped; and then with a low, hoarse sound, he fell forward. Quickly they bent over him, but his limbs were already rigid, and the calm of a great peace had settled upon his face.

"Truly he was a god," said Kamehameha.

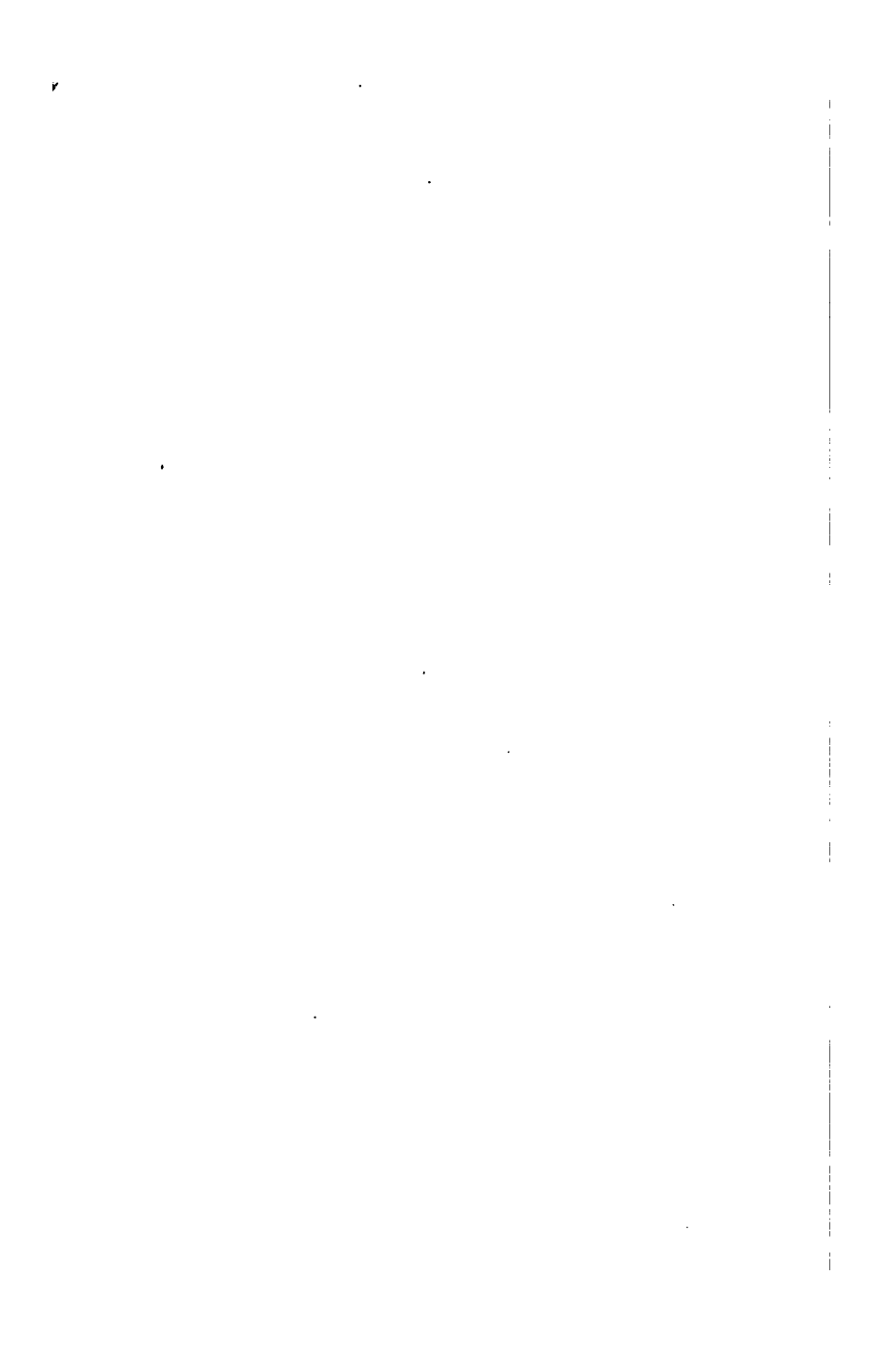
APPENDIX



AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRE- SENT DAY

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Appendix

I

FROM EARLY TIMES TO THE REIGN OF KAMEHAMEHA I

THE Hawaiian Islands are twenty-one hundred miles southwest of San Francisco, and are therefore just barely within the torrid zone. Beginning at the north with minute rocky points, the islands are strung along for six hundred miles southeasterly in a curving line, constantly increasing in size, until the last one on the south (Hawaii) nearly reaches the size of Connecticut. As they were all thrown up by volcanoes, they are like Jamaica in structure, in that they all have a central rib of green, forest-covered mountains, and low, rich plains along the coast.

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The climate is one of the most wonderful in the world. Although the islands are in the same latitude as Cuba, their climate averages ten degrees cooler, partly on account of the trade-winds, and partly on account of the ocean current from Behring Sea. Frequent rains invigorate the vegetation.

The natives, who call themselves Hawaiians, belong to the vast Malay family, which, with very little variation, inhabit all the Pacific islands from the American coast-line as far as Madagascar. Through all this great extent, the Malay race exhibits the same characteristics: they are large in body, of great strength and endurance; they have black eyes, straight black hair, and plump, dark-brown faces with features quite like the Caucasian, which indicate the high grade of intelligence they possess. In fact, their minds are so superior to those of the native Australians as would seem to prove a different origin. Although the question of Malaysian

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origin has not been fully settled, it is certain that Samoa was the centre of dispersion for the Pacific group. Recent comparisons of the different Polynesian languages show remarkable similarities throughout, and suggest Samoa as the parent land. In trying to look beyond Samoa, scholars have not been able to locate any more definite point of origin than somewhere between Hindostan and Palestine.

According to Judge Fornander,¹ the Hawaiian Islands were first settled about 500 A.D., and a second and much larger migration occurred at about the twelfth century, when New Zealand was first inhabited. From this time until Captain Cook's landing, Hawaii had no intercourse with the outer world, and it was during these centuries that their political conditions became fixed.

In all respects, the political state of Hawaii at the time of Captain Cook's discovery was very similar to the feudal

¹ Fornander.

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system which dominated Europe at the same time, and which was eradicated in Germany only a few years before its disappearance in Hawaii. The essence of the feudal system was that the citizen existed for the State; while the idea of democracy is that the State exists for the people. This idea of the utter absorption of the individual and of all his rights protruded from every mediæval custom. In this regard, Hawaii closely resembled Europe.

In France, for example, all of the land, which was then, before the development of commerce and the rise of the guild merchant, almost the only form of wealth, belonged to the king, and was held in fief by vassals of the crown, who again sublet parts of it to lower vassals. Rents were paid by labor and produce. Every man was then under homage to some lord above him, to whom he gave military service in exchange for protection. There were three orders or estates: the nobles, the clergy, and the

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commons, or third estate. Even to-day in England the lords and clergy occupy the House of Lords and the commons the Lower House.

In Hawaii a very close parallel to feudalism existed. There were the three estates, — the nobles, including the kings and chiefs; the clergy or Kahuna, including priests and doctors; and the commoners or laboring people. Like Achilles and Æneas of Homeric times, the chiefs were supposed to be descended from the gods, their office was of a sacred character; and just as no commoner could ever rise to the priestly office, so no chief could ever be degraded. To the highest, or sacred chiefs such divine honors were paid that for a common man to remain standing at the mention of a King's name, to enter the King's house, or even go in its shadow, meant immediate death.

The "Kahunas," or sorcerers, in many ways might be likened to the mediæval "Second Estate." Just as the monks and clergy guided and deluded the igno-

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rant populace of the middle ages, so these heathen priests held complete sway over the minds of their wild, warlike, and fiercely superstitious people. It was they who formulated the system of "Taboo," and their power rivalled that of the King. In addition to the common people, there was a lower order of serfs, or bond-slaves, similar in status to the serfs of Europe.

Land and every other form of property belonged to the King, who allowed the people to use it in return for labor and taxes. Alexander says, "The common people had nothing which they could call absolutely their own." Taxes were paid in kind. There was not only the royal tax, and countless other taxes of less importance, but there were all sorts of public labor, like the French corvee, required of the people.

Owing to the warm climate, such a thing as home was almost unknown. Marriage relations were so loose, that although the rulers were usually men, still descent was traced and could be

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traced only through the woman. In this respect Hawaiian law differed from feudal law, for while, under the latter, rank descended from the father, under the former it descended from the mother.

In religion, the Hawaiians were idolaters. These idols were media of communication with the various great gods who dwelt in the spirit. Worship was offered in grass temples, in which were sacred altars, upon which the priests, or Kahunas, left offerings to moulder away. The ancient right of sanctuary (the Puuhonua), celebrated in the classics, existed in many temples, and offered the wrong-doer, the taboo-breaker, the murderer, safety from his pursuers, whose only punishment was death.

The taboo system was a feature of Polynesian religion in which ceremony had a much greater sway over the people than the peace of God, the bans and anathemas of the ancient Roman Church. Life was hedged in every hour and minute by rites and laws, for whose vio-

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lation the penalty was death. It was taboo, or forbidden, for men and women to eat together, for women to eat certain articles, such as pork and bananas; and at certain times no sound could be uttered, and even all animals were confined in deathly quiet.

This political system existed from its formation, in the early Christian centuries, until the landing of white men, from 1778 onward, gradually modified and at last destroyed it. Previous to 1778, very little occurred that is worth attention here. In spite of frequent attempts by different powerful chiefs to conquer the islands and bring them under one rule, each island still preserved its separate king and government. Of this period Judge Fornander says, "It was an era of strife, dynastic ambitions, internal and external wars, with all their injurious results of anarchy, depopulation, social and intellectual degradation, loss of liberty, loss of knowledge, and of arts." In spite of this, the

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coming of white men, which changed some of these things, was not an entire blessing.

As the story suggests, the first discoverers of the islands were undoubtedly Spaniards, who occupied the Pacific for several centuries. As early as the sixteenth century, there is clear proof of the discovery of these islands by a fleet sent out by Cortez, and there are suggestions of other visits by white men from time to time. It will be remembered that Lower California was discovered at about the same time (1534) by Ximenes, and that the Jesuit missionaries settled there in 1683. Upper California was discovered later; and it was not until 1768, when the young Prince Kamehameha I. was distinguishing himself as a brave warrior under his uncle Kalaniopuu in Hawaii, that Father Serra explored the harbor of San Diego, and founded there the first mission in California. Later, he and his followers explored the coast to the northward, and

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in 1776, not long before the conquest of Hawaii by Kamehameha I., founded the mission dedicated to the patron saint of the Gray Friars, San Francisco. It is not at all improbable, judging by the records, that more than one Spanish vessel passed Hawaii at about this time.

One of the chief events in the history of the islands was their discovery by Captain Cook, then on an exploring tour to find a northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was he who brought the islands into contact with the world and opened up the islands to the civilization which they have eagerly adopted. In sailing due northward on his third tour around the world, on the 18th of January, 1778, Captain Cook discovered one of the middle islands,—the island of Oahu. He landed at Waimea, Kauai, and was received by the natives as a god. After spending a few days in bartering iron—a precious metal to the natives—for fowls, meat, and fruits, and after leaving ashore

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goats, hogs, and English seeds, he continued northward on his voyage. The natives were greatly mystified by their strange visitors, and the majority regarded them as gods. As Alexander relates, "When the natives saw the sailors, smoking and eating watermelons, they exclaimed, 'Gods indeed! They eat the flesh of men, and the fire burns in their mouths!'"

After failing to discover a northwest passage, Captain Cook returned to spend the winter in Hawaii, which he then named the Sandwich Islands, in honor of the Earl of Sandwich, who supported the expedition. In January, 1779, he dropped anchor on the western coast of the largest island, Hawaii, in a small harbor called Kealakekua Bay. Here he was received with the greatest veneration, and not long after was formally installed as the incarnation of the family guardian and rain-god, Lono. But friendly relations did not long continue. The debauchery of the sailors was so

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shameless, and their violations of the taboo and of religious rites, and their thefts were so unendurable that quarrels arose, the natives began to steal from the ships, and on the 14th of February, in attempting to entice the King on board in retribution, an affray occurred in which Captain Cook was stabbed and killed. After ravaging the coast, the crew left and never returned, leaving behind many destructive diseases. From this time on many vessels visited Hawaii and a new era began.

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II

FROM KAMEHAMEHA I. TO THE PRESENT

IN 1780 different kings ruled over the various islands, and the largest island, Hawaii, was divided among six or eight rulers. One of the youngest of these, a nephew of the late King Kalaniopuu, was called Kamehameha ("The Lonely One"), — a man of striking figure, said to have been seven feet and a half tall, and of masterful character. By clever diplomacy and bold fighting, this chief gradually overcame the island. During this war, Kamehameha had a stroke of good fortune which greatly helped him to overcome all the other islands. In 1790, an American fleet under Captain Metcalf visited the islands, on their way to

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China. By strategy, the small schooner "Fair American" was captured, all the crew killed except the mate, Davis, and the natives secured all the guns and ammunition. Next day the natives abducted John Young of the "Eleanor," whose crew, after a few days' searching, gave up hope and sailed away. These two white men, Young and Davis, in return for their promotion to the rank of chief, and for the gift of large blocks of land, served Kamehameha well, both by manning the small cannon taken from the ships, and by training troops and giving military counsel. The cannon alone, giving out awful and mysterious flames, were almost enough to win victories. The conquest of Hawaii, of the next larger island on the north, called Maui, and of Molokai, was quickly and easily accomplished.

During this time the great sailor and benefactor, Vancouver, landed on Hawaii, in the effort to make peace; but he was surprised to find the natives cold, preoc-

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cupied, and insatiable thieves of iron and weapons. He gave Kamehameha great aid by building him a ship, giving him valuable military instruction, and telling him of the Christian religion.

In 1795, Kamehameha undertook the conquest of the island of Oahu, on which the story is laid, and which contains the present metropolis, Honolulu. The king of Oahu, Kalanikupule, had just received a few English guns from Captain Brown, who had landed at Honolulu in the schooner "Jackal." Kamehameha, in planning to attack Oahu, raised the largest army ever seen in the islands, including about 16,000 men, of whom sixteen were foreigners in charge of his cannons and musketry. It is said that his war-canoes lined the shore for four miles. The decisive battle occurred in a long sloping valley called Nuuanu, which cuts transversely, with vertical sides, through the mountains, and ends in a steep precipice called the Pali, over a thousand feet high. The army of Kalanikupule fought well,

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until their leader was killed by a cannon-ball, when they weakened, and those who were not killed were driven over the precipice to death. For many years the bones of these warriors could be found in heaps below. Soon afterward, the only other large island, Kauai, gave itself up to Kamehameha, and the work of uniting the islands under one government was completed.

For this, Kamehameha has ever since been honored by his people, and his statue now stands before the judicial building in Honolulu to remind his race of one who might almost be called the father of his country. By great skill and resource, he amalgamated the different factions; and, in centralizing the government, in a few years did what it required France and England several hundred years to do. He encouraged agriculture and suppressed crime. During his reign the first horses were brought upon the islands.

The closing years of Kamehameha

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were marked by the introduction of distillation, by the opening of the sandalwood trade, and by visits from various American, Russian, and Spanish ships. In 1819, at the age of eighty-two, Kamehameha died.

The Kamehameha dynasty remained in power nearly until the present time. Under Kamehameha II. the most important events were the abolition of idolatry and the beginning of missionary work in Hawaii.

Very fortunately for the missionaries, the decaying belief in idols had caused the abolition of the taboo system and of idolatry just a little while before their landing, and had left the people open for their very remarkable reception of Christianity.

Boston sent the first missionaries, in 1819, and has since supplied a preponderating number of the American settlers. The opening of Hawaii to missions was accidental. Several Hawaiian boys, who had doubtless had experience in sailing

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upon the small island vessels, shipped upon American vessels, and, upon reaching New England, attracted wide attention. Soon afterward, a brig carried the first company of missionaries to Hawaii, and since then there has been a constant growth in the number of missionaries, many of whom have become the wealthiest and most influential people in Hawaii.

Under the reign of Kamehameha II., who was an extravagant and dissipated man, Hawaii suffered greatly from excessive taxation. However, it was during his reign that the great work was accomplished, both of reducing the Hawaiian language to writing, and of introducing the art of printing. Very quickly the arts of reading and writing spread abroad; and to-day, strangely enough, of almost all the countries in the world, Hawaii has the smallest percentage of illiterates. In Alabama, for example, fifty-one percent cannot read, but in Hawaii less than one tenth are so ignorant. The

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English language rapidly spread also, and the native nowadays who cannot speak English in addition to his own language is a rare man. We have here, in fact, the strange sight of a nation's not only giving up its own language for another language, but doing it willingly, and even yearning for the foreign tongue, so that now English is the official language, and is taught in all the schools.

In 1823, Kamehameha II. visited England, where, after receiving great attention from the King and nobles, he died. Next year the Princess Kapiolani did the brave act about which Longfellow wrote his poem, — the defiance of the goddess Pele. Pele was the goddess of the volcano of Kilauea, which is still active, is the largest in the world, and is so often visited by tourists. This goddess, so they said, killed all women who approached her crater, and although Kapiolani trembled in the common belief, still she went up to the crater's edge, defied Pele, and killed the superstition.

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During this time, American crews continually disgraced themselves by committing the most inhuman outrages, and implanting hatred and suspicion in place of trustfulness. The census reports of 1836 show that the decrease in population was alarming. In this respect, civilization has not benefited Hawaii, for the population has been steadily decreasing ever since. It has fallen from 130,000 natives in 1830, to 40,000 in 1895. In 1834, the first newspaper appeared in Hawaii. Now there are four dailies and about a dozen weeklies.

After 1840, feudal ideas in government began to die out, and gradually the opinion grew that the people as well as the King had something to do with politics. A Declaration of Rights was signed, called by Alexander the "Magna Charta of Hawaiian freedom," and slowly the national treasury became differentiated from the King's private income. But not until a few years ago did the crown cease to confuse the two

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to a small extent at least. Foreign powers now formally recognized Hawaiian independence; and, to add to the growing prosperity, the English judicial system was thoroughly adopted, and in 1841 occurred the beginning of that industry which has made Hawaii one of the richest countries in the world,—the cultivation of sugar.

The gold craze in California drew away many young men; but the subsequent development of that rich State opened up markets and expanded Hawaiian industries as the growth of America had expanded England a century before. To-day Hawaii is commercially almost a part of California. In the midst of this growth in wealth, a misfortune befell the country in the introduction of leprosy. Almost at once the government provided a leper settlement on an unfrequented island, and by great care has been able to keep the disease under such control as to leave white settlers no cause for fear.

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Five Kamehamehas ruled in succession, except for one or two short breaks, and the next King of importance was Kalakaua, who began to reign in 1874. Two years later, the famous American reciprocity treaty, admitting free Hawaiian sugar, amongst other things, was signed. Kalakaua died in San Francisco in 1891; and his sister, Liliuokalani, the regent, at once took the oath. She had been ruling only two years when, in the opinion of white residents especially, she developed dangerous and very obstinate qualities. A suspicion spread that she wished to admit opium, and to license the Louisiana Lottery, for the sake of revenue; and when she attempted to annul the constitution illegally, and to establish a new one giving greater power to the throne, the whites arose in arms and overthrew the government. Many people have accused America of aiding the revolution by landing the marines from the cruiser "Boston;" but the truth is that no such

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design existed. The marines did land, march up the street in battle array, and encamp near the executive building; but their object was only to protect American property. Still there is no doubt that the natives, mistaking the purpose of the American troops, were greatly intimidated by their presence. The Queen finally signed a statement that she abdicated willingly; but she has since been accused of trying to regain the throne.

Since the overthrow, a new constitution, modelled after the American constitution, has been adopted and the government officers have been marked by ability and efficiency. President Dole is an equable and far-sighted man whose administration has been very successful.

In 1895, Liliuokalani appealed to the United States to restore her, and at one time President Cleveland was on the point of acceding. He ordered the provisional government to withdraw, and sent Commissioner Blount to carry out his demands. But the Hawaiian government

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prepared to resist, and finally Cleveland withdrew his demands.

In 1894, the royalist party laid plans for a revolution, in hope of restoring the Queen. The leaders were men who had been prominent in the days of royalty; but the rank and file in this movement were of a very inferior class.

Fowse asserts that "the soldiers of the revolutionists were for the most part dissolute natives enticed by liquor."

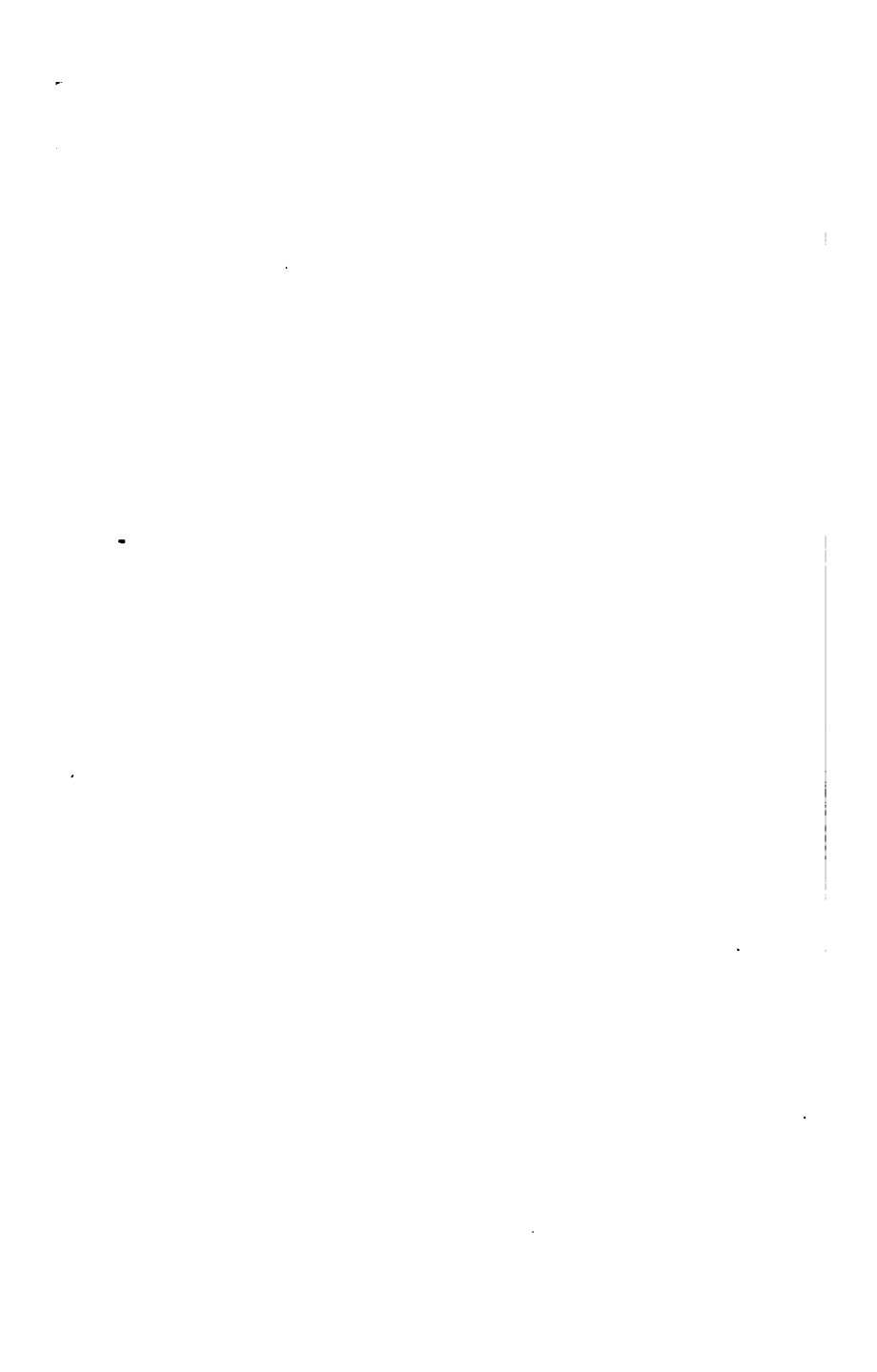
The war lasted less than two weeks, January, 1895, and although there was great excitement, extensive patrolling, and many demonstrations, there was very little bloodshed, and its conclusion left the republic stronger than ever.

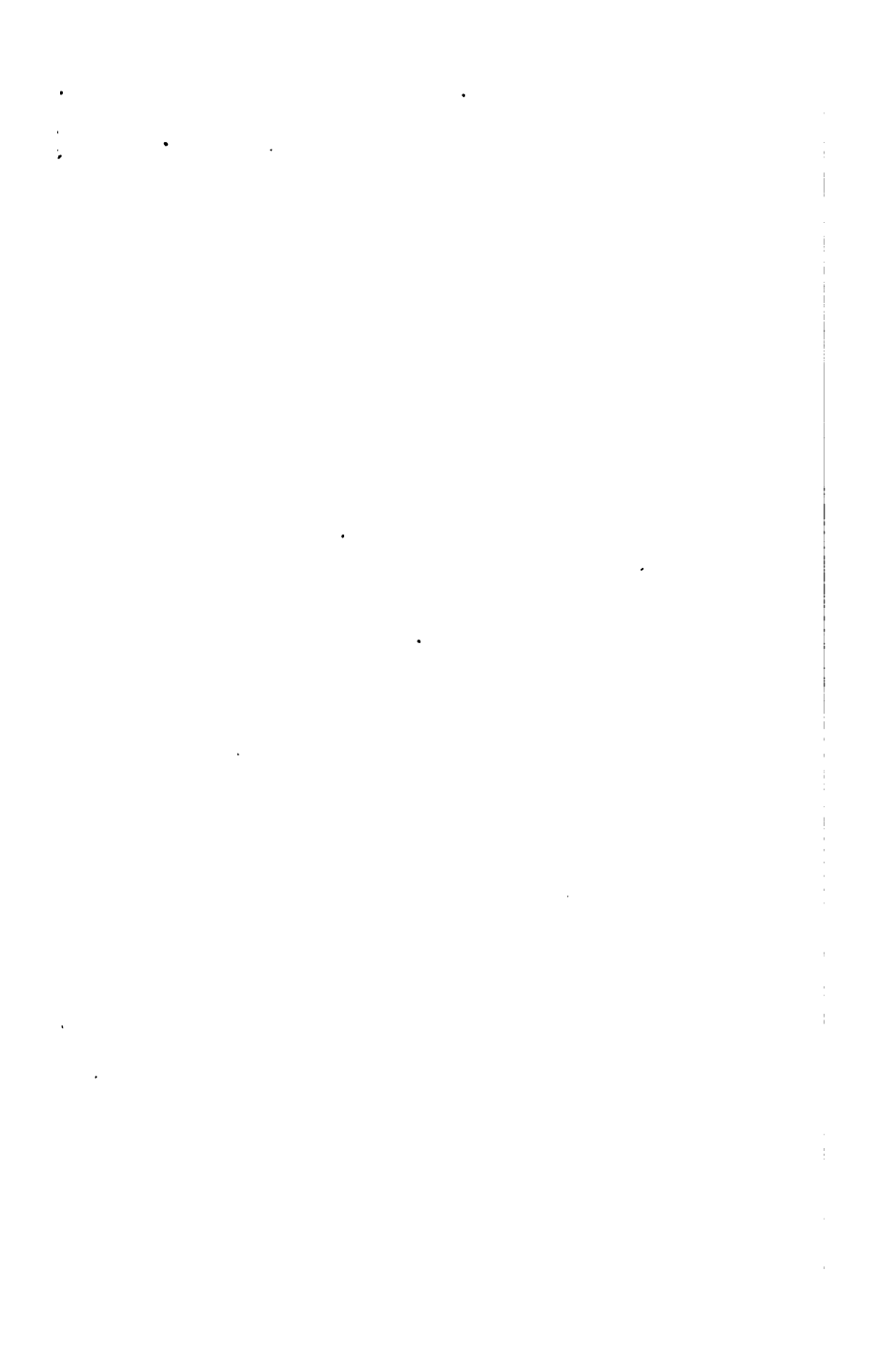
Troubles from without, however, threaten the country. The great number of Japanese—who are three to one—outnumber the natives and whites collectively, and the equally large number of Chinese, both give cause for apprehension. Many are afraid that the Japanese will demand the right to vote, and that

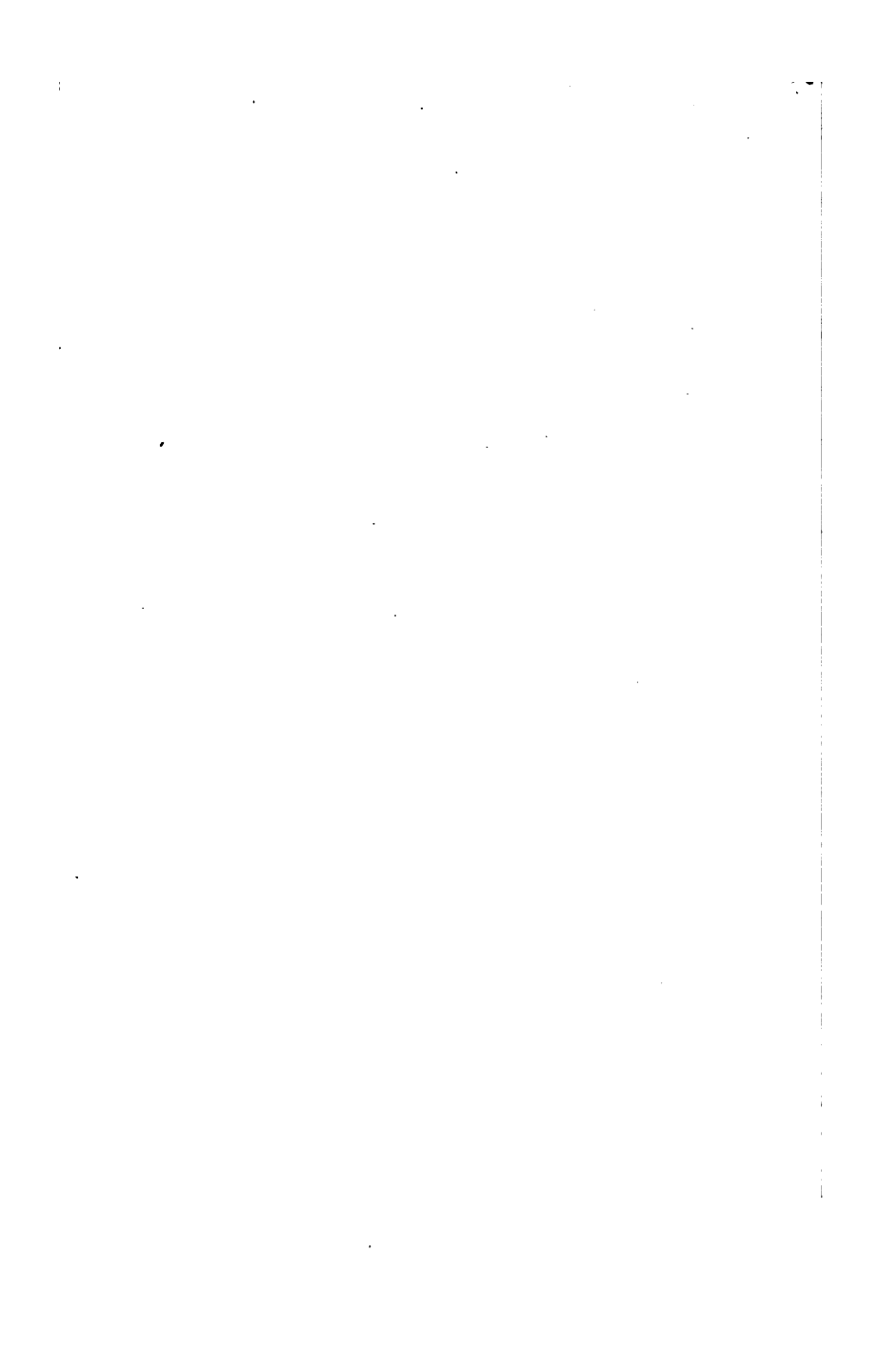
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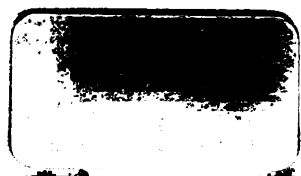
back of it all Japan wants Hawaii as a colony. Still Hawaiians hope for annexation to America as a means of giving perfect safety and stability. While not all Hawaiian citizens desire annexation, certainly all American residents, and probably a majority of the natives, do favor it.

With some such form of protection, either by America or some other white power, prosperity will increase even beyond its present high point, and the revenue from sugar, coffee, and other tropical products will make Hawaii one of the richest countries in the world.









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